

A Copy of VERSES.

PRESENTED

To all my Worthy Masters and Mistrisses

In the Town of LAMBETH.

By THOMAS OULDMAN,

BELL-MAN for that part of the Parish.

The PROLOGUE.

My Masters all, I willing am to show,
What my poor weak Endeavours strives to doe
What can expected be from any Man,
More, than to strive to do the best he can?



But if you are Displeas'd at what is here,
I hope I shall Experienc'd be next Year,
And then, perhaps, I may my Masters please,
Who may, perhaps, Laugh at such Lines as these.

On Christmas-Day.

ALL Christians ought with joy for to remember
The Blessed Five and Twentieth of December;
For then our Blessed Saviour Christ was Born,
Whom unbelieving Jews did mock and scorn:
But such was our most blest'd Creators love,
He, Man to save, descended from above:
Then let us praise his Everlasting Name,
Who came to save us from Eternal Flame.

On St. Stephen's Day.

This Day St. Stephen he was Ston'd to Death,
Yet prais'd his Saviour with his dying breath;
How cruel and unworthy were the Jews
Falsly of Blasphemy him to accuse?
But tho' with Stones they knockt this Martyr down,
He's now Rewarded with a Heavenly Crown:
Lord grant that we may all with Christ remain,
Where Saints rejoyce, and never shall complain.

On St. John's Day.

Saint John, whom Christ did love so well & dear,
(As Holy Scripture plainly makes appear)
Was, for his Masters sake, tormented sore,
Such Cruelty, I think, was ne'r before:
For in a Caldron of Oyl, boyling hot,
They cast this Saint, but yet it hurt him not:
Such is our Saviour's Everlasting love,
He saves his Saints to dwell with him above.

On Innocents Day.

Herod the King was a Tyrannick Prince,
And shew'd no mercy to poor Innocents;
He sought most earnestly Christs Blood to spill,
But God, the Father, him preserv'd still.
O Lord preserve the Ruler of this Nation,
And make him happy by thy preservation;
That all his Subjects cheerfully may sing,
Long let us flourish under Charles our King.



On our Saviour's Passion.

The Earth did tremble, and Heavens closed eye
Was loath to see the Lord of Glory dye;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the Spears
Forgot their harmony; the Clouds dropt tears:
Th' ambitious Dead arose to give him room;
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb:
Th' affrighted Heav'ns sent down eleigious Thunder;
The Worlds Foundation, loos'd, expos'd their Foundation;
Th' impatient Temple rent her Veil in two,
To teach our hearts, what our sad hearts should do:
Shall senseless things do this, and shall not I
Melt one poor drop to see my Saviour dye!
Drill forth, my Tears; and trickle one by one,
Till you have pierc'd this heart of mine, this Stone.

Of Death.

SO frail and senseless is poor mortal Man,
That he but seldome counts his life a span;
But often looks on his desert and merit,
Who ought to strive Christs Kingdom to inherit.
Where Angels do rejoyce, and hourly sing
Blest Hallelujahs to th' Eternal King,
Who lives for ever in Triumphant Peace,
Where joys abound, that never-more shall cease.

On Riches and Honour.

Trust not to Riches that may fly away,
But aim at that which never will decay;
Thirst after Christ, and his blest Diadem,
Which is the most and valuable Gem:
Can you so happy be, this to obtain,
No Mortals Pen can e're express your gain:
Then shall you live in Everlasting bliss,
And Flames Eternal shall for certain miss.

On Eternity.

Wouldst thou for ever happy be,
And live in blest Eternity,
Obey God's Laws while here alive,
And thou for ever shalt Survive;
But if thou wilt go on in Sin,
Which long to some have pleasure been;
At God's Great Bar you must appear,
To answer for your Misdeeds here.

A Thankful Verse.

Ere I conclude, my Masters, you shall see,
For all your Favours I will Thankful be;
And from you all I have a many found,
Which I do hope will e'ry Year abound:
Ple strive to serve my Worthy Masters all,
And proud I am, you me your Servant call:
For never any that yet handed BELL,
More willing was to please my Masters well.

The EPILOGUE.

When these poor Lines do to some Scholar come,
Perhaps they may be laugh'd at, but some,
It may be, will in pitty please to say,
He was but Raw, and knew not well the way:
But if again such VERSES I present,
My Masters, I shall hope to give Content.

When poor Illiterate Men, who scarce can Write,
Have many Judges of what they Indite;
That they should all Men please, it cannot be,
For he that doth, a happy Man is he:
My Masters all, whose Goodnesses excell,
Till Christmas next I bid you all Farewel.